

**DOLLY LEARNED THE COLORS.**

Dolly was a little girl, and she had the yellowest hair, the reddest lips, and the bluest eyes ever seen.

One day when she was in the kindergarten the teacher showed the children some pretty yellow balls, and the little children all looked straight at Dolly and cried, "See, these are exactly the color of Dolly's hair."

Dolly felt very badly and went home and told her mother what the children had said.

But her mother replied, "Why, I think yellow hair is lovely, just look at the sun and the buttercups in the yard; they are the color of your hair! I am sure yellow is a beautiful color."

Then little Dolly was happy again.

The next day the teacher showed the kindergarten children some red balls, and the little boys and girls all looked at Dolly again and said, "See, these are just the color of Dolly's lips!"

Dolly's little mouth trembled, and she went home to tell her mother about it.

But her mother said, "Why, just look at the pretty cherries on the trees and the poppies in the garden! They are red, and what a lovely color they are!"

And little Dolly felt comforted.

The next time she went to school the children were given some pretty blue balls to play with, and they all looked at Dolly and said, "O, look, these are just the color of Dolly's eyes!"

Then Dolly cried and shut her eyes very tight.

When she told her mother about it, her mother said, "Just look at the beautiful sky and the ocean that you love to sail on; they are both blue, and how lovely they are!"

Then little Dolly opened her eyes very wide, and was happy once more.

Dolly's mamma bought her some nice new bronze shoes, and the very day she wore them to school the teacher showed the children some bright orange balls, and they looked at Dolly's shoes and cried, "See, the balls are almost the color of your shoes!"

Dolly ran home very fast, so that they could not see her shoes, and told her mother.

Mamma took Dolly up in her lap and said: "Don't you know what a pretty color the oranges that you eat are, and how you like to watch the bright clouds at sunset? The clouds are sometimes orange color, and I think that they are beautiful."

Then Dolly laughed and got down, and thought her shoes were just the nicest she had ever had.

One day Dolly wore a new hat to school. It was a pretty hat, trimmed with violets and green leaves.

Dolly was late that morning, and, when she got there, the children were playing with some green balls and violet balls, which the teacher had just given them. When they saw Dolly's hat, they laughed and said, "Oh, look, Dolly's hat looks like our green and violet balls!"

Dolly almost cried for a minute, and then she said, "Well, God makes the violets violet-color, and the leaves green, and I am glad to have them to wear on my hat, for I love violets!"

After that the children did not tease Dolly any more,

and Dolly found that all the pretty colors were everywhere in the world, and she was really happy that she knew their names.—Janie D. Hobart, in *Little Folks*.

**A FIGHT WITH SLEIGH DOGS.**

In a long journey by sleigh in the region of great Bear Lake, Mr. Egerton R. Young had a trying adventure with Eskimo dogs, which he relates in "My Dogs in the Northland."

He had traveled several days with his own dogs to the point where the Indians were to meet him and replace the tired dogs with fresh ones. When the dogs were changed, his guide, who had accompanied him throughout the journey to this point, gave him a heavy whip, and said:

"Now, do not speak a word and there will be no trouble. They do not like the white people, but if you do not speak to them they will never suspect, in their anxiety to get home."

I looked the fierce brutes over, says Mr. Young, placed my heavy whip so that I could instantly seize it, and made up my mind that I was in for a wild ride. The owner of the dogs applied his long whip lash to them, and away we started at a furious gallop.

We had traveled some distance when I was startled by a splendid black fox, which dashed out of a rocky island on our left. He struck across our trail, and made for another island of rocks half a mile to our right.

The dogs fell into disorder and sped after him. As we had fifteen miles yet to go, it was not safe to be racing after a fox on this great lake. So I resolved to break the silence and bring the dogs back to the trail, even if I had to fight them.

Bracing myself on my knees, I gripped the heavy whip so that I could use the handle of it as a club. Then I shouted to the dogs in Indian to stop and turn to the left.

The instant they heard my voice they did stop—so suddenly that my cariole went sliding on, past the rear dog of the train. They came at me furiously. The leader of the train, the fiercest of the four, began the attack. It was well for me that he did, for he swung the others about into such a position that only one at a time could reach me. As he sprang to meet me I guarded my face with one hand, which I wrapped in the furs, while I belabored the dog over the head with the oak handle of the whip.

Three or four good blows were all that were needed. With a howl he dropped on the ice, while the next one in the train tried to get hold of me. He tore the robes and the side of the cariole, which was made of parchment.

It was fortunate for me that the traces of the fourth dog, fastened to the front of the cariole, so held him back that he was unable to do more than growl at me.

When I had conquered the third dog, I uncoiled the lash on the whip and shouted "Marche!" The leader wheeled to the left and away they flew. I had no hesitancy in speaking now. The dogs showed no more thirst for battle, but only a desperate desire to reach the end of the journey.—Young England, London.